

PROFESSOR STUBBS'S HISTORICAL LEC.

A NEW BOOK ON JAPAN.

A YOUNG MAN'S OBSERVATION

studying the country and the people, and he penetrated to many places where foreigners are, or were ten years ago, almost entirely unknown. Few men, however, are fit to write books of travel until they have had a pretty wide experience of the world; and we need not be surprised that Mr. Macley's judgment of what is worth recording is so often at fault, and that his reflections are so superfluently prolonged. Nearly half his volume is mere redundancy. He has much to say on ethnology, cosmology, the rights of women, the

THE LABOR QUESTION.

FAIR AND WHOLESOME BO

There is another phase of the subject which this author has not discussed at all fully, and that is the significance of the numerous derogations from their alleged principles made by many organizations. It is hardly enough to dismiss all such cases with a general lament and expression of disapproval, as Professor Ely does. They require to be considered carefully, for it should be obvious that they throw much light upon the whole problem, as indicating the probable supremacy either of con-

SOME RECENT FICTION.

ALL IS LOVE WITH HIS WIFE. By J.

Mr. Bishop has written a novel of considerable strength and interest in "The Psychologist," although the general reader will be apt to find his open chapters rather discouraging. The person after whom the story is named is a very peculiar character. He has a great deal more individuality than the average man. He is a keen observer, and an analyst of character, and takes pleasure in studying and puzzling out the people about him, wherever he goes. Much of Jermyn's talk is far above the ordinary conversation of fiction, and his superiority is not always or altogether an advantage, for there is danger that this too intelligent person may be regarded as a prig and a bore. He really is neither one nor the other. He talks often very well indeed. But he is prone to didacticism, and that is a tendency to which he represents, and not without reason, as concerning the child, and the child as the victim in childhood, when the succulent preserve was made to conceal the nauseous medicine. The story grows much more attractive as the author's character of the character is skilfully worked out. If the story is, as we conjecture, the author's last essay in fiction, it is a very good beginning.

A DISCIPLE OF COMTE ON THE CHOICE OF

Interesting to know that people will call for some other guide to the choice of books than the reflex view of those in their relation to a particular reader. Other guides they will indeed get in many pages of this essay. Mr. Harrison has thought long on his subject, though in too implicit subjection to the authority of his master. His own reading is wide; his liking for the best books genuine, and he does far more justice to the great authors of France and Spain—Lacine, for example, and Calderon—than most Englishmen are capable of. He abounds in good maxims and good sense on many points. But he is extravagant and emphatic, and one great fault of the essay is a want of moderation, of self-restraint, of sanity of judgment on books or writers who rouse his antipathies or his sympathies.

Whatever his errors may be, Mr. Frederic Harrison is a man whose errors are often more instructive than the accumulations of more pretentious persons. He belongs to the large class of Englishmen who have always had leisure to study

MRS. STOWE.

OME AND IN THE SOUTH
Kinney in Literary Life

LITTLE TOMMY
Pratt, The Boston Herald

Little Tommy has a very perverse disposition—a fact which the doctor, who was called to prescribe a course of treatment for him recently, seems to have taken fully into account.

"The doctor called two weeks after he had told you my hat to do in order to get well, he found the boy plainly very much better."

"I'm glad to hear of it," said the doctor asked.

"Oh, I'm all cured now," said Tommy, with a grin.

"That's very good," said the doctor.

"I don't think I shall do a single one of the things you told me to, doctor."

"Why not?"

"Well, you didn't I knew you wouldn't, and that's the reason I told you to do them," said the doctor.

"I get up regularly at 5 o'clock now, so I do my morning exercises."

"That's very good," said the doctor.

"I play the violin."

"That's very good, I suppose setting up at that hour this morning, doesn't it?"

"No, no, no," said Tommy; "you see, I'm going to begin it to-morrow morning!"

♦

The Boy Knew Him. — Old Gentleman (on canal boat) to Little Boy, who gets his hat there, won't you? Little Boy (in swim-suit)—What'll yer give me? Old Gentleman—I'll give you a cigar. Little Boy—No, no, no. Yer'll say yer hadn't got less'n a twenty, an' tell me yer'll give me the me next time yer sees me. Guess I'll keep you hat for ya.

OXEN AND OD-FORCE.

"I altered his mouth to say:—
"You can send up for that stove-pipe!"
"Yes, sir."
"That stove-pipe I lodged home last night."
"I remember."
"That stove-pipe over which I sweat and swore until I almost fainted, and then mashed flat and flung into the alley!"
"And I could have mashed you with it, you old glutton—
"I thought I might as well use it upon the floor!"
"No, sir, I never will," hastily replied the dealer as he opened his eyes and saw the thief had made his escape.
"I am coming," he said, "across the street."

HOMER'S DEARER INFELICITY.
From Truro, London.
Confidential bills has never been a favorite in the private life of the House of Commons, but the various "distinguished" members "have always managed to preserve a decorous appearance of amity by not allowing their private quarrels to appear in public." The personal intervention of the Earl of Lincoln, however, has prevented a separation between the two champions of the royal relatives, and the war story of a quarrel which has caused his Majesty's illness at Strasbourg, since the Emperor got rid of the Emperor's cousin, is now a thing of the past. The Emperor's own married life, by the way, is not so happy as it once was, and he has been making a sort of armed neutrality with his spouse, and has been less than usually tolerant of her whims. The Emperor has been less than usually tolerant of her whims, and he must think with a longing of heaven as a place "where there is neither quarreling nor giving in marriage."